

Utah State University

DigitalCommons@USU

---

The Utah Statesman

Students

---

2-1908

## Student Life, February 1908, Vol. 6, No. 5

Utah State University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/newspapers>

---

### Recommended Citation

Utah State University, "Student Life, February 1908, Vol. 6, No. 5" (1908). *The Utah Statesman*. 51.  
<https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/newspapers/51>

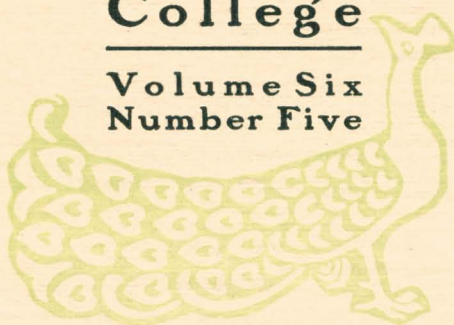
This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Students at DigitalCommons@USU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Utah Statesman by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@USU. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@usu.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@usu.edu).



# Student Life

Utah Agri  
cultural  
College

Volume Six  
Number Five



# Thatcher Opera House

LOGAN, UTAH

Lessees  
Denver Theatre Co.

Direction  
Pelton & Smutzer



## Coming

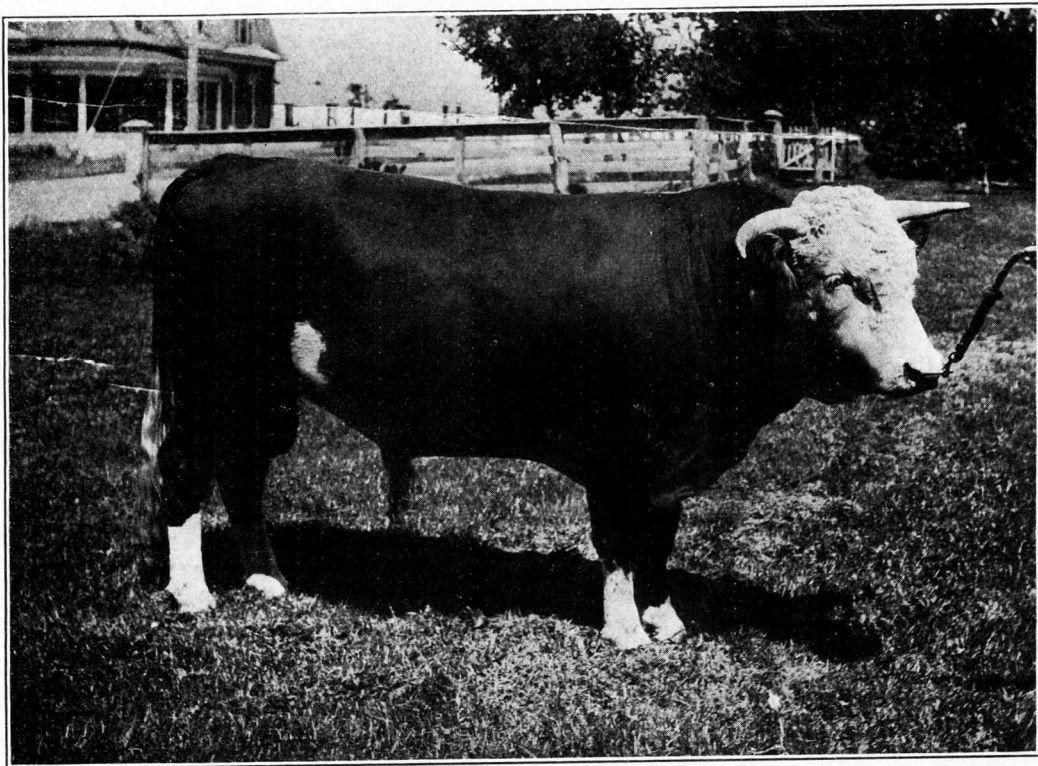
March 10—"45 Minutes from Broadway."

March 18—Creston Clark Co.

March 16—B. Y. C. Opera Co.

March 30—Charles B. Hanford.

April 1—"Moonshiners Daughter."



LELAX ALAMS XX, DIED JANUARY 27, '08



## A Visit to Whittier's Birthplace

---

Go out in any direction, on land, from Boston or Providence, Hartford or Portsmouth and you will find the names of the forefathers and their deeds commemorated by tablet, monument or inscription almost on "each barnyard fence and wall." The road to Concord Bridge over which the British marched and back down which they later fled is lined with tablets celebrating the feats of arms of men long since passed away, almost passed from memory. This ancestor worship is not confined to the soldier and patriot, but to their literary compatriot as well and many a home is now kept as a memorial place, a Mecca for those who loved the one who lived there, and those who have learned to love his words. To the east of Haverhill one bright spring day, I came out from a belt of woods onto a hilltop where the soft wind wafted to me that "potent witchery of smell" that arises from the dust-dry leaves of crushed sweet fern. At the foot of the hill there flowed a brook, winding through the low brush, across from it a barn, a road, an old stone wall, and in the yard a house, the old-fash-

ioned New England home with the well and well-sweep and flower plots in front, the bee-hive and the orchard in the rear. Instantly memory whispered

\* \* \* \* "right over the hill

Runs the path I took;

You can see the gap in the old wall still,

And the stepping stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house with the gate red-barred,

And the poplars tall;

And the barn's brown length, and the cattle yard

And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the bee-hives ranged in the sun,

\* \* \* \* \*

And the same rose blows and the same sun glows

And the same brook sings of a year ago."

Even the same brook that sang a hundred years ago when the gentle Quaker poet first opened his eyes to the frost-bound world. The same brook whose constant flow

enticed his grandsire's grandsire to build his home more than an hundred years before that day. The same brook and the same well and the same great trees and the same great oak in the orchard plot beneath whose shade lie four generations of the family.

To break the drifted highways  
out;

Down the long hillside treading  
slow

We saw the half-buried oxen go."

As you stand on the little bridge  
over the brook the whole farm  
scene is open before your eyes,



*Photo by Titus*

"Sit with me by the homestead hearth  
And stretch the hands of memory forth"—Snowbound

I crossed the brook on the stepping stones and recrossed on the road bridge to the crossroads where runs the road from Haverhill down which one sees in mind

\* \* \* \* "the teamsters drawing  
near

from brook to barn, the orchard lot, the home, the hill behind it and again the brook in front. I turned in at the gate that cuts the old stonewall and was cordially welcomed by the caretaker at the house. His wife was away but he

showed me the rooms and bade me welcome to stay as long as I wished.

You enter through the kitchen with its long old fire-place; the mantle above it, and on each side the small cubby-holes where candles and other small trinkets were kept. The old handirons, the tongs, the crane were all in their places and one could almost see the "nightly stack of wood against the chimney-back."

Over the fire-place hangs the bulls eye watch, the same that years ago "pointed with mutely-warning sign, its black hand to the hour of nine."

On the floor is the "motley-mat," a braided rug, such as our grandmothers and their mothers made, on the wall across from the fire-place the old fashioned kitchen cupboards filled with dishes of an almost forgotten age, and precious beyond price.

To the right of the fire-place a door opens into the bedroom where John Greenleaf Whittier was born. An old-fashioned bed, with quilts of ancient patterns, some pictures on the wall, some early edition of the poet's works and a sampler framed, are the noticeable features. The sampler has a history; do you recall the tale of the one who would not "go ahead," this sampler was made by the little girl of the poem.

It was through the windows of this room looking from the kitchen that could be seen "the moon above the eastern wood" shining at its full and through here "the hill range stood transfigured in the silver flood."

At the end of the kitchen a step up and you are in a small bedroom where the mother and father slept, the furniture is that of one hundred years or more ago. On the wall is a frame within which are a number of small garments worn by the poet when a child.

The giant chimney of the fire-place has its foundations in the cellar, and there I saw a "glory-hole," something of which I have been told many tales; the place where the early settler hid his few most precious valuables, his silver spoons and candlesticks and little treasures brought from far-off England, with the stone replaced the marauding Indian scarcely could discover the hiding place.

In the farther corner of the orchard, beneath a large wide-spreading oak is a simple white shaft, each side inscribed with the name of a Whittier and his helpmeet, the first four generations that lived in the home lie here.

From another hill a mile or more away I stood for my last view of the home and as I remember it I

remember too those words of  
trust and faith that have upheld  
many a man through the Joys and  
sorrows of this life:

"We turn the pages that they read  
Their written words we linger  
o'er,  
But in the sun they caste no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made

No step is on the conscious floor!  
Yet love will dream and Faith  
will trust  
(Since He who knows our need  
is just)  
That somehow, somewhere, meet  
we must.  
That Life is ever lord of Death,  
And love can never lose its own!"

—Titus

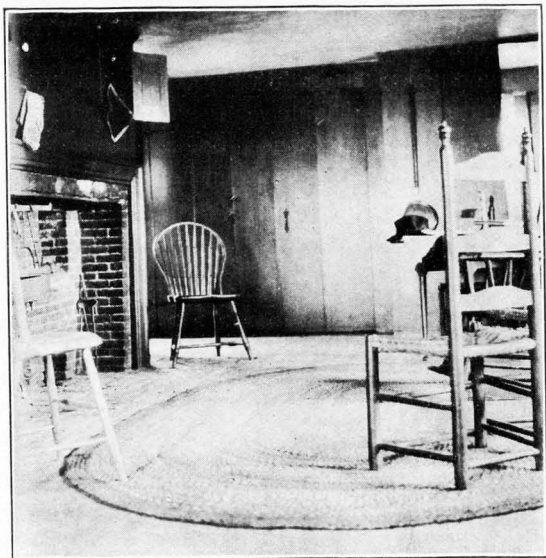


Photo by Titus

"BY HOMESTEADS OLD"

*Among the Hills*



## A Lost Friend

---

Jerry Hoyer was one of those strong characters with a genial disposition and pleasing personality so scarcely found. He was the kind you turn and look at on the street. When he shook your hand you winced, then instinctively gripped it tightly to see if the bones were still safe. He was a typical western lad, of twenty-two, tall, broad-shouldered and strongly built. What makes him the more interesting, he had just spent three years in an eastern university so that he possessed both the roughness of the West and the culture of the East.

He had returned to the west at the end of his Junior year to find his father on his death bed. Shortly after when his father died, Jerry found that it would be impossible to return to complete his course the next year. He was able to give up his ambition, only after many sleepless nights and consultations with the family. When he did give up the idea of returning he entered upon his duties at the ranch with characteristic determination. He felt that he owed a great debt

to his family and that to repay it would in a measure offset the bitterness of not being able to return to school. Under his able management the ranch prospered remarkably well. Now the fall round up was over and the shipping done, he began the many improvements that he had in mind and set a large force of men to work.

One morning some horses were reported missing from the lower pasture. Going down there Jerry found unmistakable signs that they had been run off by some one during the night. Returning to the house he selected one of the cowboys, arranged the pack, chose the two best blood hounds and returned to the pasture.

It was not a hard task to put the dogs on the trail of the thief. Setting out at a rapid pace, they followed down the river a few miles. Then the trail turned east and entered the mountains. They followed it far up into the canyon until they came to the signs of a camp. This they supposed to be the place where breakfast had been eaten.

From this point the trail divided, so our friends decided that there must have been two or more thieves. Jerry decided to send the cowboy on the one trail while he followed the other. After eating dinner they divided the pack and started out, each taking a different trail.

Having changed horses, Jerry was able to push on rapidly and by night, he had covered many miles. Still there were no signs of the thief. He stopped a short time to get supper and to allow his horse to rest. A full moon came up and he was again in the saddle. Soon after midnight he decided to stop and rest for a few hours.

Long before day light he was again on the trail. It left the mountains and led across a broad level plain. The dry weeds and grass rustled in the breeze. The horizon shimmered in the sunrise. Way off in the distance Jerry could make out the dim outlines of the river as it wound its path across the plain. A lonely coyote trotted across the trail.

Just then it occurred to Jerry that it was the day for the big annual championship football game at his Alma Mater. He began to wonder how things were at school, how many of the old boys were back and playing on the team, what the possibilities were for

victory, and many other thoughts of a similar nature.

Then he remembered how near they had come to beating their rivals the year before and how they actually *had* beaten them two years before when he and Tom Lawrence played halfbacks. "Poor Tom," he thought "I wonder what became of him."

Jerrie's mind wandered back three years. He remembered how he had first gone east to school, how he met Tom, how they came to know each other, and finally roomed together. What a jolly, good fellow Tom was. How he "played the game" the day they beat their rivals, what runs he made and such tackling! It seemed to Jerry that his happiness was complete that year. The times he and Tom had together; the friendship they developed! "Ah thought Jerry, "It will be many a long day before the old school gets another man as good as Tom.

Then came a blank. Tom had returned home that spring and the first time Jerry heard from him he was with his father on his way to look up some mining claims in Mexico. Late in the summer Tom wrote again, saying, . . . "My Father died yesterday morning of Typhoid, . . . Am awfully sorry but am afraid that I can't be back

to school in September. But I'll see you again some time."

Jerry remembered how he looked for Tom, inquired, for him, and wrote. But his inquiries were in vain his letters returned unanswere . . . But why should all this be so vivid now, he thought. The sun was slowly sinking in the west The horses were stumbling with fatigue. The faithful old hound was panting, and looking up at his master with a sad expression in his eyes.

Just as he rode down into the river valley, *whack!* A bullet cut most uncomfortably close to his

ear. He turned quickly into a thicket and dismounted. Taking his Winchester from the saddle, he stole carefully out to the edge of the brush. As he looked out, he saw his enemy at some distance partly concealed. Taking aim Jerry fired. The man fell.

Jerry wished to take no chances so he waited some time, then went quietly over to the man. He was lying on his face. Hoyer felt an awful sensation of dread creep over him. He hesitated, paused, walked about. Then he stooped down, and carefully turned the dead man over—"Tom my God!"

—J. F. ,09

#### THE FISHERMAN'S PLEA

"Oh, Thou vast and mighty ocean  
Reaching from afar,  
Stay thine angry waves for awhile  
And lend a guiding star.  
For I am out on this sad night,  
Within thy arms, O, Sea,  
Disperse this angry foam of thine  
And hearken unto me.

"I ask of thee this only time,  
That thou wilt spare my life,  
That thou wilt heave me back to  
shore,  
And end this awful strife.  
For I have dear ones left behind  
Watching on yonder hill,  
O, wilt thou spare to me my life,  
And say, O peace be still?"

A. W. Hanson

## Physical Education

---

In any academic or collegiate institution we necessarily hear a great deal about mental development. That is meet, and as it should be. Mental development is a subject about which we cannot hear too much, but there are other subjects about which we should hear something, and I desire this morning to put in a word for *Physical* education.

Now, I fear that you will be somewhat dissatisfied in what I am going to say. I am not going to talk about trapezes, parallel bars or boxing gloves; that phase of physical education always takes care of itself. I am going to talk about a physical education that develops from within out, a physical education in which mind controls and shapes matter to an exact similitude of itself. Keep in mind, please, that I do not mean to disparage in any sense whatever the physical education that concerns itself with apparatus, running tracks, diamonds and gridirons. I believe, most emphatically, in that phase of physical education, but I also believe that physical education

in its highest sense is often misunderstood and misinterpreted. I think that the particular phase I wish to emphasize will present itself to your minds almost in its entirety if I preface it with a text, a text that you are all familiar with and know where to find.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost—therefore glorify God in your body."

I wonder how many of us have ever thought of the body as a temple? I wonder how many of us think of the body at all, except as a troublesome sort of a machine, that doesn't want to get up in the morning, and that can't always be depended upon to get us to school in time; or as a framework for a pretty gown, when the occasion calls. I know the tendency of the student to neglect his body, to acquire the "student's stoop" and various other unnecessary evils, and so before the school year grows any older, I wish to add my small word to the work of the various departments of physical education in this institution, for a nobler conception of the human body.



A Temple! I wonder how many have the same mental picture that I have when I hear the word? I think of the old Greek temples, faultless as to form, chaste and pure within.

Nature has done more for some of her children than for others in the matter of form. Every boy can't reach the "six foot notch," nor play "center" on the football team; but every boy can lift his chest, square his shoulders, work for a better poise of the head, and for firm, yet flexible muscles. And surely it is within the power of every one to make the body a firm dwelling place for a pure soul and a high mind. I wonder if we realize fully what the body represents: not only the nature of our physical exercises, and our mode of life, our habits and customs. They reveal the stature of our minds and souls. They publish to the eyes of the whole world our aspirations and ideals. Spencer one of our great poets, said, several hundred years ago:

"For of the soul the body doth take,

For soul is form and doth the body make."

People have not changed so radically since Spenser's day, but that the soul writes itself on the physical man as legibly as it ever did. A

sunken chest may not always mean a weak chest, it may mean a weak character. A lack of physical poise may mean a lack of mental poise, and you know yourself that a slouching, ungainly walk typifies a different sort of person than does a firm, elastic "picked u step."

Beautiful thoughts do not make muscle, but they *shape* muscle, and sometimes more effectively than the gymnasium does. No man by taking thought, however, can add a cubit to his stature, neither can he add a cubit to his stature by taking physical exercise, but by means of judicious physical exercises he can make what cubits he has representative of greater strength, agility and grace; and by taking thought—the right kind of thought—he can set upon himself the ideal of a fine, noble manhood.

Now the gymnasium is an excellent place in which to train one's body with strength and symmetry, and obedience to the mind's leadership, and yet well trained flexible muscles are possible without a gymnasium equipment. The hero of many an athletic "meet" is often an ungainly development of muscle with no suggestion of grace or flexibility. Such a training as his has been does not necessarily insure power or endurance. Muscle is often built up at the expense of the

vital centers, and a weak heart and lungs are often the result of so-called "athletic training." The girl who can swing from ring to ring in a gymnasium, with a skill that would arouse astonishment and envy in her prehistoric ancestors, is often devoid of any suggestion of ease or grace of carriage. With very little apparatus a girl can be trained to run lightly and fleetly without effort, to walk without a jar, to sit or stand with ease and grace, and to carry her body with unconscious, supple beauty.

It seems to me that the boy or girl who is not conscious of the nobility of his or her body, who does not realize that he has in his keeping not an incapable machine, but a living organism capable of the highest endowment, is in a state of mental as well as physical atrophy! To desire to be alert and flexible, to have the body in such perfect running order that it gives instant response to any suggestion from the brain, is just a part of being sane and moral.

A diseased mind, a dwarfed, maimed soul (revealing itself in every fibre of the physical being remember) perverted from its onward, upward course, is the saddest most tragic spectacle the human eye can behold. It rests with you to make of yourself mentally and

spiritually and physically what you will. Therein lies the glory and therein the tragedy of life, that we have within ourselves the creative power, which rightfully exercised, forms our kinship with God; left dormant, we scarcely rise above the brute creation.

I have emphasized the reaction of mind on matter. I could emphasize at equal length the reaction of matter on mind. While I do not wish to weaken in any sense the point I wish to make: that our bodies reveal our mental and spiritual selves, at the same time I could also wish to have you take as food for thought, and *act* upon it, that the body helps or hinders mind and soul according as it is or is not a healthy, well-poised, normal instrument of mind and soul. Therefore as a means toward the highest development of mind and soul, let me urge you to take an active interest in physical exercise, in out of door sports, if skating or golfing or horse backing isn't feasible, *walking* is a splendid sport, an excellent body and mind builder (Ask the first Englishman you meet, his opinion of pedestrianism as an educational factor). In this western atmosphere one does not need Mercury's sandals to literally walk on air, and walking thus buoyantly one feels the mind expanding,

the soul aspiring, and one's thought  
grow as pure and bracing as the air  
one breathes.

I can't do better, I am sure, in  
closing my little talk than to em-  
phasize again the interdependence of  
body on soul and soul on body by  
quoting a passage from Robert  
Browning illustrative of that idea:

"Let us not always say: 'Spite

of this flesh

Today I strove, made head,  
gained ground upon the whole,  
As the bird wings and sings let  
us cry:

'All good things are ours, nor  
soul helps flesh more now

Than flesh helps soul.'"

—*Chapel talk by Miss Huntsman*

December 10, 1907.

### GRADATIM

Just mark the doughty Freshman  
When his head is on the swell!  
It seems as if no power on earth  
His arrogance can quell!

Next comes the valiant Sophomore  
Of facts he has a heavy load.  
But he'll soon conjugate his facts  
In the subjunction mode!

The junior's mien is chastened,  
Conceit is a disease ontgrown,  
And he isn't ashamed to 'fess up  
That he intends to "bone."

As the Senior pockets his B. S.  
With a face bespeaking woe,  
He says in doleful accents  
"How little I do know!"

### Envoi

The Freshman says "I know it,"  
The Sophomore says "just so"  
The Junior says, "Can't prove it"  
And the Senior says, "Don't know",

## Ghosts

---

It was nearing midnight. The lights in the village had long since been extinguished and no sound disturbed the intense stillness except the occasional hooting of an owl, or the crackle of dry leaves caused by some scurrying dog. The harvest moon was out in all its glory and in the white light the leafless trees threw fantastic shadows.

High up in the tower of the village church, near a small window, sat the old watchman, observing thru half closed eyelids the gleaming tombstones below. Suddenly his dozing was brought to an end. He straightened himself with a start, rubbed his eyes, and again stared intently down among the marble slabs. The hair rose on his head and cold perspiration stood on his forehead. From behind each head stone a white-robed hollow-eyed figure stepped out silently on the ground, and, what was stranger still, not a leaf rustled under its weight. With awkward, hurried gestures these figures quickly joined hands, and before the terrified watchman could collect his thots

they were deep in the misty mazes of a midnight dance, their winding sheets streaming behind them. After awhile even these light garments hindered their movements, and with frenzied *haste* they flung them to the earth and once more began the mad revel.

By this time, the watchman had recovered his spirits, and was enjoying the sport immensely. Suddenly he started from his seat and began to descend the winding stair, chuckling quietly to himself. When he reached the outer door he cautiously stepped out, picked up a winding sheet and hurried to the tower. As he reached the window the town clock sounded a quarter of one and immediately each skeleton wrapped himself in a sheet and disappeared in a grave. Only one unfortunate [fellow] was left without costume. He searched madly in every nook and cranny but without success. Suddenly he spied the tower. Fixing his talon-like fingers in the wall he began to climb with nervous haste. Soon he was within one yard of the window sill. There sat the watchman almost



terrified with fear. In terror he clutched the sheet intending to throw it out, but in vain. It had caught on a nail and he could not loosen it. Just then the hour of one rang out over the village. With

an unearthly groan and a supplicating glance at the window, the ghost hurried down, (and [greater of all disgraces], was) doomed to enter his grave without a sheet.

*E. J.*

## Our A. C. U.

---

*Song.*

*Tune "Maryland."*

III

There is a school of which we're proud

Our A. C. U! Our A. C. U!

Of her we sing the praises loud

Our A. C. U! Our A. C. U!

And what though she be young in years

In the West she has few peers,

So here's to her—three rousing cheers

Our A. C. U! Our A. C. U!

II

Her colors too are of the best

Our A. C. U! Our A. C. U!

Give us these two, you may keep the rest

Our A. C. U! Our A. C. U!

For the Azure and the White

We mean to work with all our might

We mean always to do the right

Our A. C. U! Our A. C. U!

For truth, for right, we take our stand

Our A. C. U! Our A. C. U!

O we're a loyal student band

Our A. C. U! Our A. C. U!

We couldn't tell you if we tried

With what good things we are allied

But we're sure we are on the right side

Our A. C. U! Our A. C. U!

IV

Once more we give a rousing cheer

Our A. C. U! Our A. C. U!

Let the mountains echo far and near

Our A. C. U! Our A. C. U!

For our school we shall dare and do

To her we always shall be true

So here we pledge our faith anew

Our A. C. U! Our A. C. U!

# Student Affairs

---

## FACULTY RECEPTION

It is generally admitted that the Faculty were a little slow in giving their get acquainted reception. But whether it was late or not it was certainly a huge success. Probably in numbers it eclipsed all other similiar functions given by the college.

At eight o'clock all who desired spent a very profitable and enjoyable hour listening to an Art lecture given by Prof. Fletcher. After the reception, refreshments and games were at one's disposal in the library. Up in the gymnasium dancing was going on the music being furnished by the College Orchestra. One notable difference between this reception and those of former years, was that everybody had a large enough circle of friends so that a good time was assured. Everybody who had ability for spending an enjoyable and pleasant evening, had one Friday night, January 17th, at the reception.

## U. A. .C. vs. B. Y. U.

On Saturday January 18th we played our first game of leagueXX played our first league game of basket ball. In a neat and cleanly contested game we were beaten by Provo, the score being 39 to 16. It was simply a contest between men of four or five years experience and men that were practically new at the game. Provo certainly had the advantage, but notwithstanding this fact, our men played great ball. The first half ended with the score 17 to 5 in favor of Provo.

The second half started out with that same vim and dash that characterized the whole game, but the visitors gradually piled up the score. From whistle to whistle the contest never lagged. When the final whistle blew, all that we could say was that we had been fairly beaten.

For the Aggies probably Brosard was the star, while for Provo Gourley was the strong man. In 15 tries for the basket from the foul

line, Gourley dropped 11 baskets besides getting several from the field. The work of refereeing was done by Coach Badenoch and that of Umpire by E. G. Peterson. Both men were highly satisfactory.

The line up:

U. A. C.		B. Y. U.	
Evans	1 f	Gourley	
McNeil	r f	Simmons	
Brossard	c	H. Christensen	
Parkinson	1 c	Jones	
Cook	r g	J. Christensen	
U. A. C. vs. B. Y. C.			

On Friday January 24th, we played our first game with the B. Y. C., losing by a score of 40 to 7.

In the first half our boys put up a magnificent game, being ahead of our opponents at one time. The B. Y. C. soon regained their lead, and at the end of the first half the score stood 10 to 6 in favor of the B. Y. C.

In the second half the superior training and ability of the B. Y. C. resulting from long practice and experience, soon began to pile up the score. Our boys were never able to get back into the game, the second half being of a defensive nature. There was soon no doubt as to the outcome for we were hopelessly out classed, but we fought well and hard to the last, especially McNeil and Cook. The final score was 40 to 7 in favor of the B. Y. C.

The refereeing was done by Mr. Taylor whose good work helped to make the game what it was.

The line up:

U. A. C.		B. Y. C.	
Evans	1 f	Hill	
McNeil—Jones	r f	Wilcox	
Brossard	c	Jensen	
Cook	1 c	Roskelley	
Parkinson	r c	Wangsgard	

### SOPHOMORE BALL

Oh bring back one of those good old social dances we used to have in the gymnasium!

Well one was brought back when the Sophomore class gave their dance on the 25th of January.

This dance like all the others given in the college gymnasium was more of a social affair than a dancing party. One feels there that he is living in the atmosphere of college life, and consequently turns himself loose to have a good time. He feels more free, takes more liberties and breaks more rules of etiquette, than elsewhere. All such things somehow lead up to a good time and that is what the Sophomore ball was. There was not a large crowd there but there was a "real one."

Very few introductions were necessary and in spite of the fact that we haven't the best floor in the state everybody danced. And

one didn't dance merely to be dancing. Besides the dancing Lottil Nebeker and Winnie Morrell rendered a very pleasing duet on the piano, followed by a speech from Coach Walker on what the basket ball team has done and is going to do. A vocal selection was rendered by Mr. Carter, followed by that dance of all dances? old "Dan Tucker." The good time was kept up until the small hours of morning when everybody left with the best of wishes for the class of 1910.

### THE ORATORIO

On Monday February 10th the Oratorio given by the Musical Department was successfully presented at the Tabernacle, to a fair sized and appreciative audience. The Male Chorus under the direction of Prof. Spicker certainly showed the musical attainments in presenting "Paul Revere's Ride." Such a presentation could not possibly have been given without many hours of practice and study. Prof. Thatcher and Mr. D. K. Johnson carried the solo work unusually well.

### PART II

In the second part of the Oratorio Dudley Buck's "The Story of the Cross," was beautifully rendered

under the direction of Prof. Thatcher. The solo parts were admirably carried by Messrs Winsor and Carter, and Misses Jacobsen and Montrose. Everybody who had anything whatever to do with the Oratorio are certainly to be congratulated for their efforts, in behalf of the college and the Music Department.

### JUNIOR NOTES

We are sorry to have to report an accident to one of our members, Mr. Walters, who is doing chemical work for the Experiment Station. A gas jet in one of the hoods had been left open and as Mr. Walters opened the hood to light a burner there, the gas immediately blazed up. It all happened so quickly that he had no chance to escape the flames, and as a result was very seriously burned.

We sympathize with him and extend our best wishes for his speedy recovery.

This being our first appearance in print, it may be well to give a brief account of ourselves to date.

We have:

—Junior standing in school, provided we didn't "flunk" in the last exams. —Eisted since the fore part of the school year.—A class organized with Mr. Julius Jacobson



President; Miss Mell Homer Vice-President; Mr. E. H. Walters Secretary and Treasurer; and Mr. Ernest Carroll "*Student Life*" correspondednt.—An enrollment of about 16 principally cooks and farmers.

Two representatives in Pygmalion and Galatea; one member editing our College paper and two others on its staff; three serving the Student Body as officers; one on the Basket Ball Team; two doing instruction work; and two on the Experiment Station staff.

Seats together in Chapel; but that's nothing, for the Seniors have that too.

A hundred per cent of our members subscribing for "*Student Life*". Get busy the rest of you classes!

A longing for a waste basket or two in the halls.

A warm spot in our hearts for our Basket Ball boys.

A joke on a "Soph.", but that's nothing again, for their whole class seems to be a joke. (see below)

Some married men in our class and others who would like to be. It's leap year, girls, "speak up an' spress yo' selves."

Prof. in Chemistry—"Mr Lloyd discuss acidity, neutrality and alkalinity of soils."

Lloyd (Soph.) hesitatingly—"Why—I thought we had passed over that section."

Prof.—"Mr. Windsor then."

Windsor (another Soph.)—"I haven't got to that."

---

That is alright "*Crimson*." We accept your apologies and thank you for considering our article worthy of reproduction. If at any time your athletic editor feels incapable of writing a *good* athletic article just let us know and we will write another one for you. It will be no trouble and will save time for you.

# Departments

---

## AGRICULTURE

A reorganization of the Agricultural Club is in progress.

Lelax Alamo XX has passed to the great beyond. He left this frail existence on the 27th day of January. Every Agricultural student is deeply mourning his loss. He was of the best breeding of any bull in the United States. In the near future his head will be seen mounted in the Agriculture room.

Prof. John T. Caine Jr. has suffered quite a loss by the death of four of his pure bred Jersey cows due to lead poisoning.

The new colt has not been named yet but there is a possibility of naming him John D. Van II.

We should think that *more* of the fair co.eds of this institution would visit the new colt.

Several Agricultural Students attended the recent Dry Farming Congress at Salt Lake City.

Several Agricultural Professors have been engaged in Institute work the last two weeks.

Two or three valuable bullitins are under way and will soon be ready for distribution.

In order that lettuce growing on a commercial basis, might be demonstrated to the Agricultural Students several experiments have been carried on at the College Conservatories. Very good results were obtained.

The Forestry Students have proven themselves to be a good live "bunch." This course is meeting with great success.

## MUSIC NOTES

The A. C. Vocal Quartette visited San Pete and Sevier Counties in the interests of Farmers Schools held in the larger towns of those counties in January and February.

The Singers enjoyed the trip and the people were loud in their praises of the beautiful music rendered. In all over two thousand of the good people came out to the programs.

The same organization visited Brigham City February 20th in connection with the Farmer's Institute held at that point.

The String Quartette appears in Salt Lake City March 23rd and in Ogden on the 24th. Several en-

gagements in Idaho are about to be closed and dates will be announced later.

The Thursday Mornings in Chapel have been a feature much enjoyed by all. This month we are listening to the Vocal Quartette in Folk Song Music and Modern Anthem Work.

The Composition class have several small part songs ready, and doubtless these will be heard in the near future.

The String Quartette program for the third Concert is as follows:

Quartette Opus 29 .....  
                                   *Franz Schubert*  
 Soloist....*Miss Phylis Thatcher.*  
 Quartette F Major Opus 96.....  
                                   *A. Dvorak.*

The Military Band as a part of The Cadet Corps gives the Military Ball this year, Friday evening February 21st. Look out for a fine time!

We append a program of a Recital to be given by the piano students.

#### PIANO RECITAL

1—Overture, Coriolanus.....  
                                   *Beethoven*  
       *Mamie Brown and S. E. Clark*  
 2—Spinning Song.....*Litolff*  
       *Leona Hart*

3—In My Neighbors Garden.....  
                                   *Nevin*  
       *Ethel Jensen*  
 4—Vocal Solo.  
 5—Au Village.....*Goddard*  
       *Lena Hart and Lela Shaw*  
 6—Aird Ballet.....*Moszkowski.*  
       *Mamie Brown*  
 7—Ase's Death .....*Greig*  
       *Lela Shaw*  
 8—Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, Violoncello.  
 9—Etude de Concert, *Aus Der Ohe*  
       *Leona Hart*  
 10—Butterfly .....*Gregh*  
       *Alta Monson*  
 11—Vocal Solo  
 12—Melody.....*Nevin*  
       *S. E. Clark*  
 13—Spanish Dance,...*Moskowski*  
       *Alex. Preston and W. J. Carter*

#### COMMERCIAL

Miss Maupin, fearing she had the measles, visited Dr.—? of Ogden.

Harley held her hand, she, his'en  
 Then they hugged and went to kissing.

Unbeknown her pa had risen  
 Madder'n hops, and simply sizing

—? ! ? ! ?——?——?——?——  
 Gee, but Harley went out whizzing.

The hit Miss Taylor recently made in the library was simply astonishing.

Morgan—I wonder why Dr. Thomas is so good to the girls in our Economic class.

Marley—Ah! that's easy. Its leap year.

Roger's desk is quite thickly populated every afternoon.

T. R. Bell has the measles.

"Hiawatha, Laughing Water—simply another victim of the onion cellar.

Holmes is becoming acquainted quite rapidly,—he had three invitations to attend the leap year ball, all of which he declined, however.

Prof. Robinson—Marriage contracts need consideration.

Miss H.—Yes, I think I'd consider it.

First Lieut.—Smart has recently added to his official capacity. He is now color-Sergeant of the Com. Dept.

Commercial Students expect an earthquake soon. (Monson's cap is apt to fall).

Prof. Bexell (seeing Miss Taylor talking to a group of boys)—"Miss Taylor, Mr. Stevens would like to show you something."

H. H. Sessions has been convicted of forgery.

Marley says he hasn't had a wink of sleep this entire school year.

Curtis is constantly repeating some thing in his sleep that sounds like Spanish.

E. Hansen has taken up lodgings in the typewriting room.

Professor Bixell is writing a text book on "Business Methods on the Farm" for an eastern publisher. Our farmer friends ought to appreciate his efforts.

Prof. Peterson, (to Brooks who came in class ten minutes late)—"What is the matter Mr. Brooks?"

Mr. Brooks—"Some one stole my rubbers and I couldn't get up the hill."

Get next to the "Railroading" in Commercial meetings. Employers are as follows: Conductor, Pence Engineer, Greaves; all brakes thrown open by Morgan; and Merrill assistant fireman.

### "GENERAL"

The Faculty committee on debates, for three days, had the great pleasure of sitting and listening to the brilliant display of oratory in the Tryout Debates.

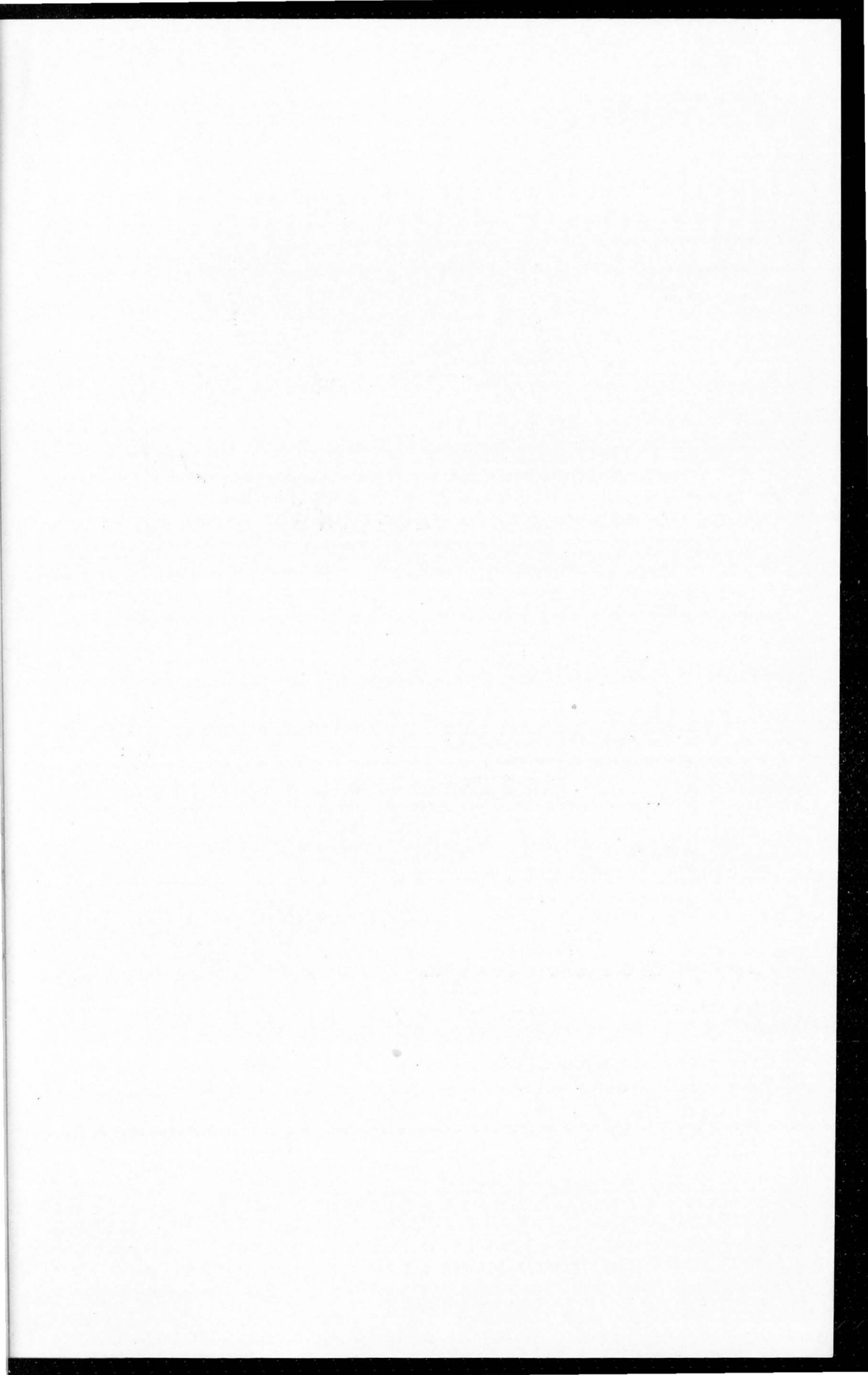
There was a young fellow named Frew,

Who went to a fancy dress ball,  
In one of the dances he fractured his panties

And had to go home in a shawl.

Dr. Thomas—There is a free lovers society in Holland at present

Mr. Webb—Yes, I became acquainted with one while there on my mission.





## Student Life

*Published Monthly by the Students of  
Utah Agricultural College*

### STAFF

P. V. Cardon, '09	Editor-in-Chief
H. E. Jensen, '08	Associate Editor
W. C. Riter, '10	Business Manager
E. F. Burton, '10	Assistant Manager

### DEPARTMENTS

E. H. Walters, '09	Department Editor
Bunice Jacobson, '08	Literary
C. D. McAlister, '10	Art
C. E. Fleming, '08	Student Affairs
E. P. Hoff, '09	Locals
W. L. Walker, '08	Alumni and Exchange

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

One year	\$1.00
Single copies	25c
Extra copies to subscribers	15c

Entered as second class matter Dec. 21, 1903,  
at the post office at Logan, Utah, under an act  
of Congress of March 3, 1879.

College delivery is made from Student Life  
office, Room 85.

Vol. 6 February 1908 No. 5

What is the matter with our Basket Ball Team? Nothing. They are the best bunch that ever got together. They don't win, that

isn't their style of ball, but they are the gamest boys that ever set foot in a gymnasium. No matter how far behind they are, no matter how bad they are being beaten, they fight just as hard and they are, beyond a doubt, "game losers." Keep it up boys. Every game yet has been a victory (for the other side), and you have proved yourselves men by being willing to take every defeat upon your own shoulders. Ofcourse you don't need to be "all hog" you can afford to let *them* take the defeat once in awhile. Well, here is to our past and future success!

### TO THE B. Y. C.

To those B. Y. boys, belonging to the best Basket Ball team in the



state, who fight so faithfully and well and who have raised, and so far kept, the Crimson above all other colors in the state, and to their coach, we have nothing to say. *They* have our best wishes for continued success. But to those who have control of athletics in that school—well, there are not enough words in common use to express the *smallness* with which *they* are possessed. We do not know who all of them are but the main one is a *very poor* excuse for a man holding a State position. The *meanness* of his recent work, which we state in brief, shows him to be what he really is.

As is generally known the Aggies were to play the Iowa Muscatines on Friday, February 7th.

Through some mishap they were not able to come and so of course the game was not played. The state Champions were, also eager to play the Muscatines but the latter had *promised* the Aggies a game. The B. Y. then, thinking that money would talk, sent their coach to Salt Lake City, where the Iowa team was playing, to make them a flattering offer if they would come up here and play the *Crimsons*. But the Iowa manager was not so easily led. He remembered his promise to the Aggies and immediately made arrangements

to play the latter at Logan on February 11th.

In the mean time the B. Y. C. engaged the Auditorium in which they fully intended a Crimson—Muscatine game to be played. But when they found their plans had failed their petty jealousies were aroused and they determined to play havoc with the attendance to the Aggie game. We, of course have no gymnasium in which a game of this sort could be played and so the Auditorium must be engaged. Here is where the *smallness* and *pettiness* of the B. Y. C. officials came into play. They arranged for an exhibition game with the L. D. S. U. to take place in the Auditorium on the night of February 11th. They forwarded a check of a goodly amount and took all necessary steps to prevent us from using the hall on that particular night. And in the meantime their excellent and well equipped gymnasium was standing empty and unused.

What can one say of persons who calls themselves men, who hold responsible and honorable positions and then do a trick which would make a child blush with shame?

### FRATS

It has been said by some members of the student body who are

now organized with a determination to down the fraternities of this school, that frats have run things long enough. The Pi Zets are especially made an object of reproach. True, the members of this fraternity occupy almost every important office held by students in this school, but who put them there? Some of the leaders of the anti-frat men nominated them, and the student body as a whole elected them. What are they to do? Refuse to accept? We are all working more or less for our own benefit. If a position here were offered you would you accept it? It is rumored that the Pi Zets "railroaded" the Student Body officers into office. Who were the "railroaders" Pi Zets? If you will stop to think who did the nominating, you will find they had little to do with it. Who did then? Some were members of the frats, some were non-frat men and some few were "knockers" who wanted to join this particular frat and thought by putting its members into office they could gain favor with them. Because they were not recognized in the way they wished they got "sore" and immediately began knocking the frats. These men are now leading the "anti frat" faction. What kind of students are they? They are not students, they are skulking "grafters" who,

losing favor with the frats, have through dishonest tales gained favor with the opposition. Because the frats knew them for what they really are, the members did not care to associate with them. It is an opportune time for the anti-frat men to think what they are doing. When a fraternity becomes obnoxious in the school it is time for it to die, but, when most of the best men in school are "frat men" and are all working for the interests of the college they should live. If you don't like frat men, don't put them into office. It seems as though you still elect them. Who was elected captain of the track team? A frat man. Who is captain elect of the foot ball team? A frat man. Whom did the Agricultural Club ask to draw up its constitution? Three frat men. It seems then that they are essential. If they are not shut them out. If they are, *don't knock*.

### ELECTIONS

In the elections carried on in this school there should be more broad-mindedness. There is too much feeling both good and bad towards the different candidates. Of course it is well to have competition for the different offices, but let it be friendly. Remember that this is our school and we are all working to make it better. Let us work as

a unit and when these elections come up, lets put the best man in. Don't put a good man down and a poor man in just because the good man has done you, personally, some fancied injury. Forget your troubles and think of benefiting the school. Don't say bad things about the other man until you are sure of what you are saying. We are all students of this institution and are all here for an education. We want the best we can get. We cannot have the best unless we put the best men in school into the different offices. So far, every office has a good man in it but there are some few among the student body to whom this paragraph will well apply. Does the cap fit?

#### POSTPONED

Pygmalion and Galatea which was to be presented to the public at the Opera House February 17th, has been temporarily postponed, on account of small pox. Through the carelessness of a local physician who pronounced a certain case chicken-pox, the quarantine laws were not strickly observed and as a result the whole school was exposed to what was later found to be small-pox.

Ruby Matthews, who takes the part of **Cynisca**, was boarding at the place where the disease broke

out. Of course then the whole company was exposed, but it seems Miss Lashus, **Myrine** was more exposed than the rest because of sleeping with Miss Mathews, at Lewistown, on the first of the month. As a result of this exposure Miss Matthews, Miss Lashus and her room-mate Miss Nelson are quarantined and the whole school had to be fumigated.

Rather than cause so much trouble and ill feeling, we should think, that the physician in charge would first consult the quarantine physician before pronouncing the case. The doctor who made the mistake is being severely criticized by the public and we hope this will be a lesson to him.

We hope that nothing serious comes as a result of this exposure and our sympathies are with the girls who have been "trapped." If everything comes out alright Pygmalion and Galatea will be presented on or before March 15th.

We take the following clipping from the Logan Republican. We wish to say that we are going to "clean up everything" next fall and if we do—watch the Republicans write-ups.

"The Republican acknowledges receipt of a group picture of the finest bunch of young foot-ball warriors that ever trod Cache Valley soil—the Aggies of 1907. This

courtesy comes from Coach Walker who looms up in the bunch like a bloated bondholder. The picture is a fine one, despite the fact that all the boys wouldn't take a prize at a beauty show, but what they lack in classic outlines they have in foot-ball sagacity, nerve and physical perfection. There's not a spavin, or ringbone on either man, and since Walker took them in charge not a single case of heaves has been manifest. They are loyal princes, every one, and here's to 'em and Coach Walker. May they lick the everlastin' stuffin' out of everything on top of ground next year."

The following is taken from the O. A. C. "Barometer:"

#### THE EDITOR'S SALARY

"Is the laborer worthy his hire? This question will be decided next Friday, when an amendment to the student body constitution will be voted upon providing that the editor and business manager receive a salary.

"At last the students have risen from the slumbers of an age long night and are taking a step in the direction of giving credit where credit is due. It certainly was an oversight, that the framers of the student body constitution did not recognize the services of the man who edits the paper.

"Perhaps no work in college has received as little recognition and appreciation as has the work and efforts of the editor. Every day of the week he has the welfare of the paper on his mind and then on Saturdays he must devote his whole time to it. He feels the responsibility and rather than make a failure of an edition will stay up late at nights, working and arranging copy, while others are enjoying sweet repose. Often he cannot go to a social function and when he does go he has the paper in mind and sits the entire evening with pad in hand, taking items for an article. If he happens to leave out a name, he is accused of doing so intentionally. If he does not recognize this or that man's merit or performance, he is criticised for being impartial or of furthering his own interests. In his class work, he must do just as much as any of the others and if he cuts a class to do something for the paper or if he has a poor lesson he is taken to task by the faculty.

"Football men are given trips, are banqueted, are given medals, have tablets erected to their memory, receive the plaudits of the press and enthusiasts, but the man who writes the article and presents the football hero to the public is entirely ignored. He is criticised on every hand and we can scarcely

wonder that this office has not been more eagerly sought for by the students."

We do not ask for a salary but merely the loyal support of the paper. It is hard enough to keep it going with clear sailing but against a bunch of knockers it is almost impossible.

It seems as though something has been omitted somewhere. Why is it that students of this institution who compete in inter-collegiate physical contests are banqueted and awarded sweaters as an emblem of their work, while those in mental contests receive nothing? Take the debaters what do they get? They are either praised or severely criticised for a few days and then they are forgotten. They have nothing left to show they were debaters. Then take those who are in charge of the paper. They are in a silent contest with every school of any importance in the whole country. We fight to produce as good a paper as they, if not a better one. It means hard and tedious work. What, after the year is over, shall we have to show we were in that fight? Nothing. It is the same with the Student Body Organization and the Dramatic Club. It is time that the students who fight mentally receive some reward as well as those who fight physically. Other-

wise what inducement is there. A lot of hard work and low class grades. It is indeed a pleasure.

*Student Life's* office is open to any one who feels out of sorts and wants to get rid of a goodly portion of bad language, please don't leave your sentiments written upon the walls. They now look as though a "prep." class in penmanship had come there to practice. One would become mentally derranged if he tried to read the many inscriptions "scribbled" upon those clean white walls.

#### HOW TO OBTAIN THE BEST IN COLLEGE LIFE.

The question that I am about to take up is one of great importance; one that concerns the student from the first day he enters college; and that affects the senior as well as the freshman although probably not in the same degree; and further it is a question that remains unsolved in the majority of cases, as far as the student is concerned. The question is "How to Obtain the Best in College Life."

A slight reflection upon the question tells us that it is answered in about as many different ways as we have students, each having his own individual interpretation of it; and my aim in this short paper is to give to you in brief how five years

of college life has taught me to answer this question.

When one enters college, he should pursue that line of work for which he is best adapted, or that line of work which he takes a pleasure in executing. His aim being to win distinction in his chosen vocation; but in winning this, distinction one must not overlook the necessity of entering those activities which every college, in the true sense of the word must support.

The first and foremost of these activities in my estimation is debating. No student should be allowed to pass through college without having had a certain amount of debating work, because it fits him, as no other training can do, to be able to cope with his fellow associates in college and out of college. Further it is impossible for a student to win greater distinction than that which he wins by representing his "Alma Mater" in an inter-collegiate debate. Still if one is not adapted to debating work he might be able to enter the dramatic or musical activities to his great advantage, although probably the distinction he would win would not be of the same standard as that of the first.

One other activity in college life that the student must enter if he

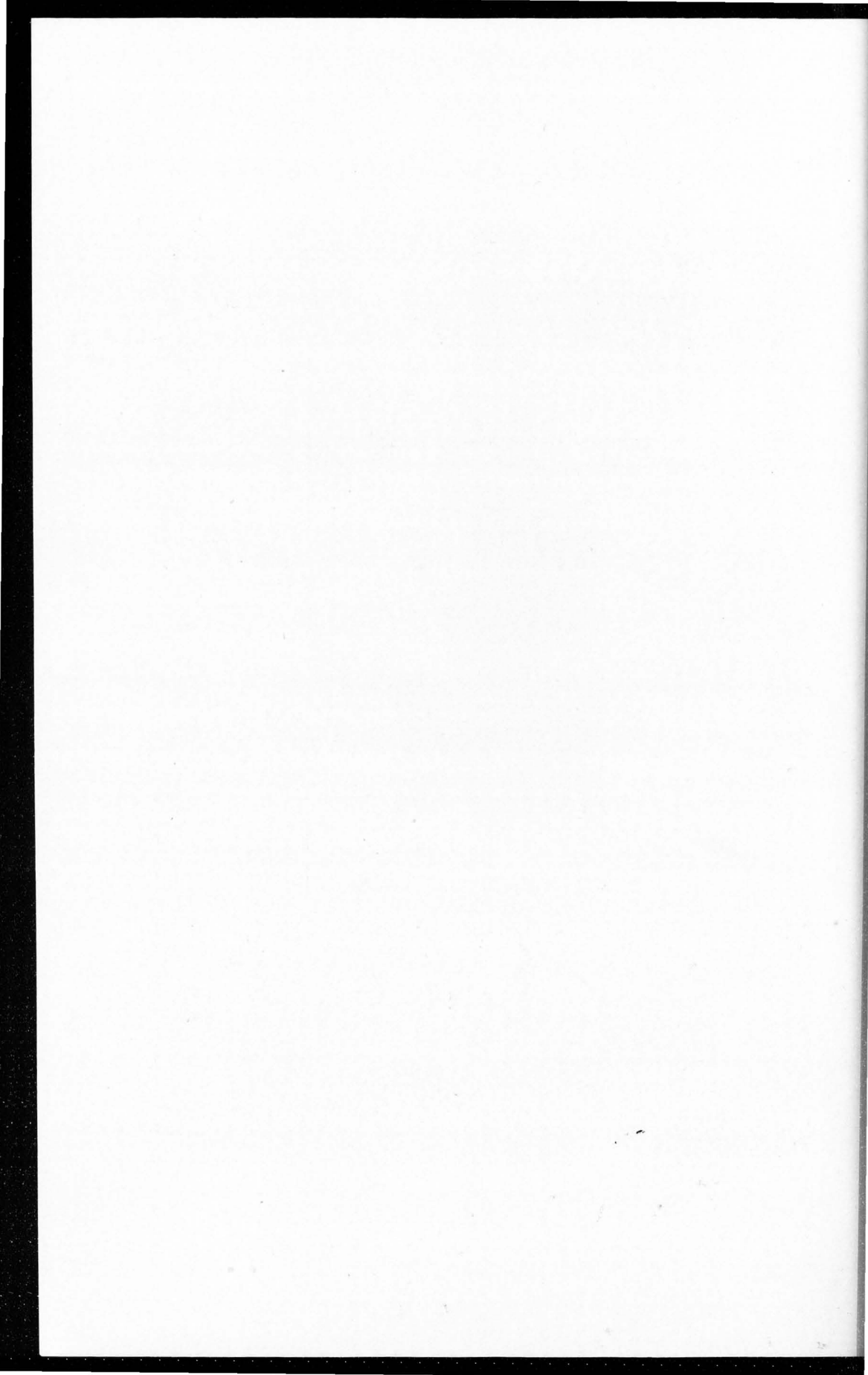
would get the best out of college life and that is athletics. This activity in college life is probably second to none, unless it be that of debating, in winning for a student the esteem and admiration of his college associates. It develops the physical side of a person, which is so absolutely necessary, if one would achieve the greatest success, because without a strong and vigorous body it is impossible to have a powerful mind. This point is clearly demonstrated here in college if you will but notice closely you will find that our best athletes are the leading students about the institution. Not only does this condition exist in our school but it is the dominating feature in all institutions of learning.

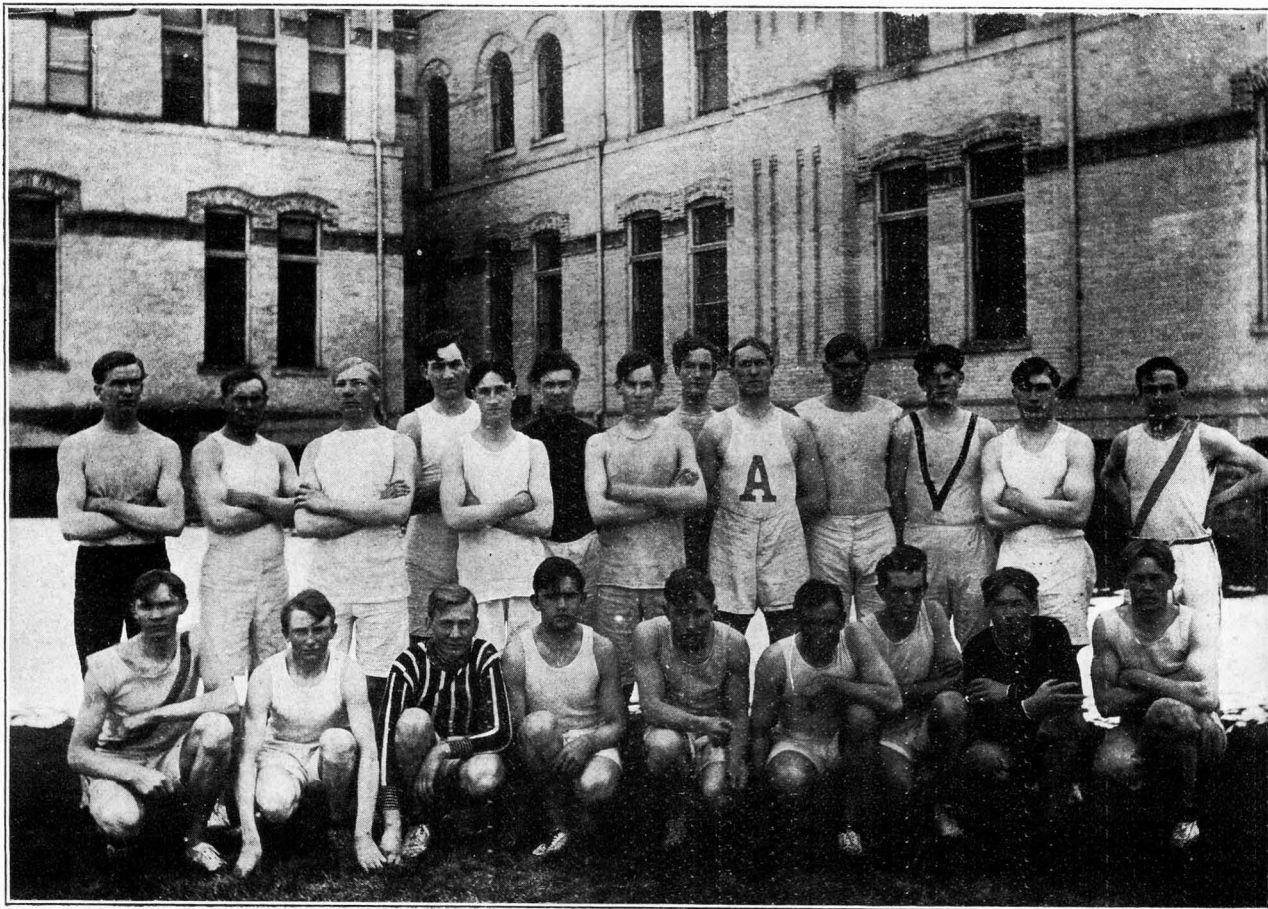
Now the only way for a student to obtain the best in college life is, as no doubt you have heard many times, not to have your nose continually in a book, not to grind from day-light in the morning until midnight, but on the contrary enter the college activities and get the spirit by which they are conducted, become assimilated with the students of the institution, be a pusher and not a leaner or a drag and by so doing it is as sure to follow as the night the day that you will obtain the best in college life.



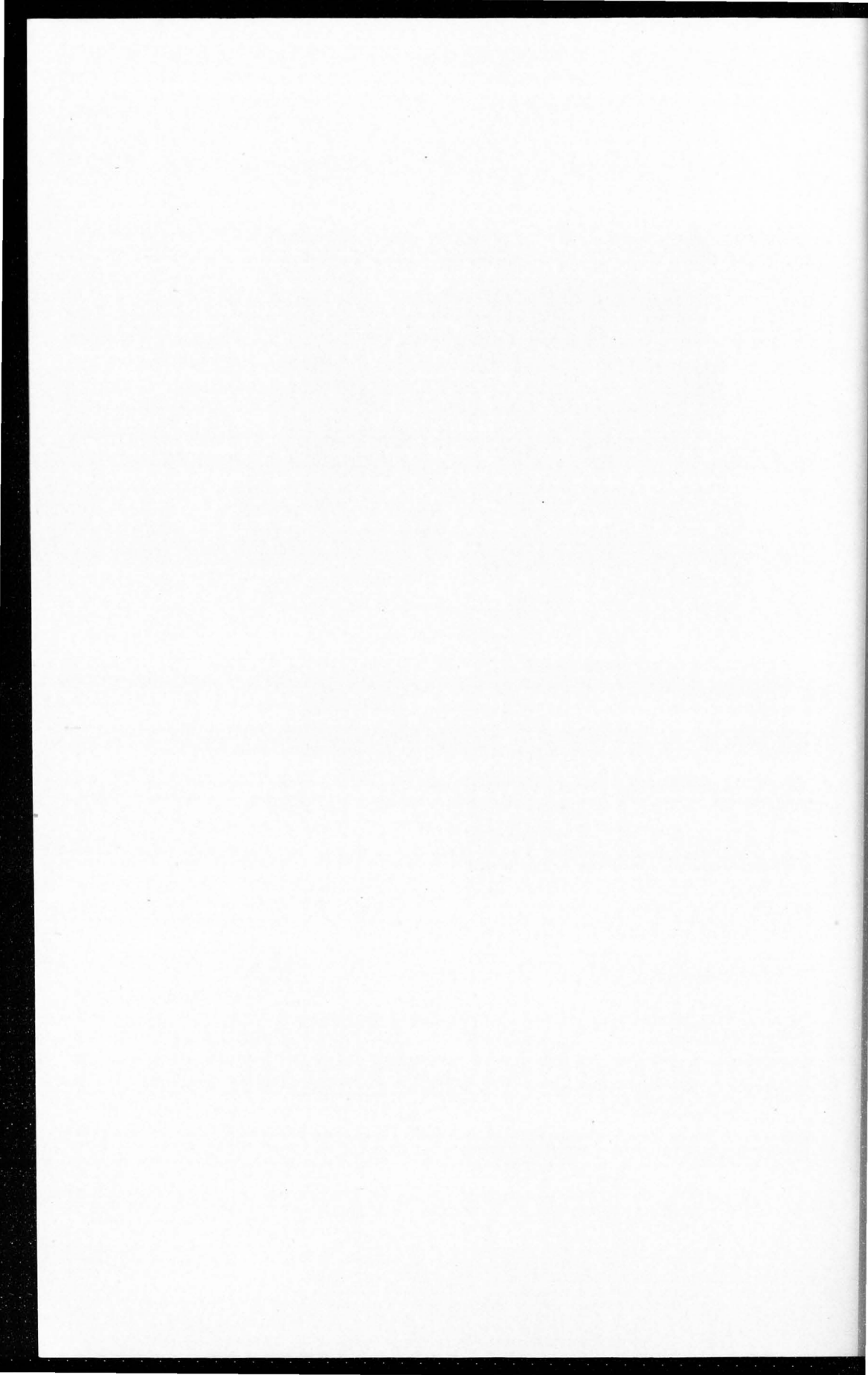


CONGER [CAPTAIN 1908]





CROSS COUNTY SQUAD





Since "Ze Lokal Editah" has recovered from his illness he has been asked about it so often that he is reminded of the following story:

"Jones met Smith on the street and the following conversation took place.

"And how is Sister Jones this morning?"

Jones—"Well she has recovered from the Typhoid but the Dr. says she now has the convalescence."

The "Try out debates" are now under way.

Miss Jenson, in Math. 4 class: "7 x 0 x 5 equals 35."

Prof. Langton—"How about tha Brossard?"

Brossard—"It looks alright to me."

Leap year parties, sleigh rides, and socials are now the order of the day.

Student—"Are you going to the Basket Ball game tonight, John?"

John—"No the Faculty is giving a reception tonight and we faculty members will have to be there to receive."

Spicker, giving a notice in Chapel—"Be there at 3:40 promptly, that means you girls, individually be there all of you and not 30 per cent absent."

The principal feature of the Athletic Ball of February 3rd, was the "Potato Race." The Sorosis were represented by Frew and Bennion; the Blue T's by Davis and Eghert. The former were victorious.

Conger, our star hurdler of last year has been elected Captain of the Track Team for this year.

Ask Prof. Langton how the girls cheered at the Athletic Ball.

The Dramatic Club presented Pygmalion and Galatea at Lewistown February 1st.

Captain Perry is now in Ex-President Kerr's chair in chapel.

Ed Walters, Department Editor, was severely injured in the Laboratory January 31st, by the explosion of gas. His face and hands were badly burned and he has had a tough time since, but is rapidly recovering.

Wm. Hodge a Commercial student in 1904-5, was seen in town lately. He is now in the U. S. Forestry Service.

Mitchell was elected Manager of the Track Team in January. With such a manager we should look for some good results in May.

Frank Moench, 07, gave us a call the other day.

Ask "B. J." why he was so happy at the Athletic Dance.

L. R. Dobbs, an ex '09 student now attending the "U," made a hurry up trip to Logan February 2nd. He came to take his brother to Salt Lake to the Hospital to be treated for appendicitis.

The Basket Ball boys say there

is something else in the game besides scores.

Manager Wrigley can be seen around "eying up" men whom he thinks will be good football material for next fall.

Artist Fairbanks lectured at the College Friday evening January 31st, and in chapel the next morning.

C. N. Jenson, 09 is teaching the classes in Botany II. He has had several years experience in teaching and two years in Botany. He is well liked by the students and is giving entire satisfaction.

The "try outs" for Twelfth Night are now on.

Stag, talking to Queen—"Why weren't you at the dance last night?"

Queen—"Whose fault was it?"

Dr. Ball is President of the "Utah Idaho Orchard Co." which was recently incorporated with a capital of \$50,000.00

C. A. Peterson, recently underwent an operation for kidney trouble he is improving nicely.

*Student Life* would be pleased if some of the students in foreign languages would call at the office and pronounce the word "Juarez."

The A. C. Woman's club and the Daughters of the Pioneers were guests of Miss Smith and Mrs. W. S. Langton Saturday, February 1st at the college. The feature of the



occasion was a lecture on Millet by J. Leo Fairbanks. After the lecture the hostess served a very dainty little luncheon.

Several students are detained from school on account of being quarantined. Measles, Scarlet fever, chicken-pox and small-pox are quite prevalent.

In the locals of the December issue of *Student Life*, the name of the place where bad people are supposed to go, was—used twice! Some pure minded individual took exceptions to it, carefully marked the words and returned the copy. Many thanks to our anonymous friend!

Ask Erastus Peterson President of the Sophs, about that "Sophomore Ball," January 27th.

The students are treated to a show of lantern slides every day at 11:10 A. M. Same as a Vaudeville!

What did Claire do in the bob-sleigh?

Conger has kindly consented to be drum major at the Military Ball. He says he will borrow a Salvation Army band suit from the B. Y. C.

Did the B. Y. C. throw us out? Yes! No! Why?

Cause. We were all there. Muscatines 38. Aggies 22.

## Alumni

Mr. F. L. West '04, who is now holding the position as Assistant professor of Chemistry in this institution, received his degree of B. S. in General Science with the class of '04, and gave the graduation address at the presentation of degrees. The year 1904-5 he spent as a graduate student at the Leland Stanford Jr. University; his work being Chemistry, Physics, and Mathe-

matics. In 1905-6 he acted as Professor of Physics in the Brigham Young University at Provo. In June 1906 he entered the University of Chicago and completed five quarters of work. From January 1, '07 to September 1, '07 he was lecture assistant in Physics and was elected captain of the Gymnasium Team for the year 1907-8. In September '07 he received his

present position at the U. A. C. and has attained the good will of his students for his affability and efficiency.

Ray West '04 another of our many first-class students, entered the Cornell University as a graduate student and received the degree of B. C. E. with the class of 1906. He was then employed by the O. S. L. railroad Co. from June 1906 to October of the same year, on power plant work at Shoshone Falls, Ida. Then he was transferred to the

Southern part of Oregon on railroad location work for the O. S. L. Upon receiving a better offer from Eureka Hill Railroad Co., Silver City, Utah, he left the O. S. L. in March and assumed complete charge of location and construction of Eureka Hill Railroad Co. In September, '07 he accepted the position of Professor of Engineering at the Brigham Young College, maintaining his position as Superintendent of construction work with the Eureka Hill Railroad until December, 1907.

